CAMPBELL PRESS

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Be Progressive!
Incorporate Campbell
Trade At Home
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Current Comment

Thirty-two Years

Those of you who note the volumn number of the Press each week are aware that with the current issue we are embarking upon our thirty-third year of continuous publication in Campbell. Methods and machinery have changed considerably since the first Press came into the world, and we doubt if the original publisher of the paper would find himself very much at home in the office.

The quality of the publication has increased from year to year, until it has reached its present size of eight pages in which we are giving our subscribers a lot of good reading — and all the news that's fit to print. It is the aim of the management to improve the local paper still more, and if our readers want to help us along that line they can do so by aiding us gather in the news. No matter how insignificant the item may seem to you, give us a buzz on the telephone or drop into our office with your offering. We'll be tickled to death to get it.

School Days

The new order of the day is a decided "back to school movement," and it will be in much evidence Friday, Saturday and Monday—and from then on it will be even more so. In the old days of uninteresting education the opening of school was greeted with sighs and protestations of illness so severe as to make attendance on the opening day practically impossible. In the higher grades, many of the boys did not return to school in the fall, preferring to go to work for wages. Not so in 1929. Students are eager to get back into gentle harness and instead of going to work the older boys now declare early in the game their intention of going to a college or university.

Antiquated Plant

We would like to resume our studies in the high school department, abruptly broken off of our own volition some years ago. But we would not care to bury ourselves in the Campbell mausoleum of high school education. There are doubtless many local students who harbor the same feeling about our present high school structure, and probably a few resent the antiquated plant to the extent that they go elsewhere to school, which is not as it should be.

It is up to us to see that future crops of high school students are provided with a building less like a tomb, and a new building cannot be realized until there is less dissension in the ranks of the mighty and the file of the taxpayers.

That's all.

COMMUNITY CHEST COMMITTEE MEETS

Harold Morton presided over the Campbell community chest committee meeting held this (Tuesday) evening at 7:30 o'clock in conjunction with a San Jose committee consisting of Earl Boswell, Fred Morrisson, A. M. Martenson, Guy Marshall and Wendell Thomas.

In the absence of Mrs. Gordon Ainsley, secretary, Guy Farley acted as secretary pro-tem.

The meeting was called for the purpose of discussing plans for a community chest drive to be held early in November. The San Jose committee explained to the local members a plan which other communities are now working under, and this is that each community would be a branch of the San Jose community chest and the local organization would have complete charge of its own funds. A certain percentage, however, would go to San Jose for distribution among county organizations that do work outside of San Jose, such as the Salvation Army, etc.

Ralph H. Hyde is the campaign manager and is under the title of "major." He will appoint a "captain" for each school district and they will appoint "lieutenants" to work with them. All workers will be responsible to Mr. Hyde, who will have charge of the funds.

A meeting of the board of directors of the community chest is called for next Tuesday evening at 7:30 at the library building to arrange the Campbell budget.

LOCAL KIWANIS TO OBSERVE CONSTITUTION WEEK SEPT. 15

The big noise at Kiwanis luncheon today was the musical treat by A. A. Thielke and pupil, Ray Thomas, in saxa duets, accompanied by Mr. Thielke's daughter, Dorothy Kay, at the piano. It's a real joy to hear such music and it creates a desire to hear more of the same.

Chairman Ira Abbott, one of the fotunate unfortunates at the state fair Kiwanis day is a sadder but wiser man. About a score of local members and ladies enjoyed the day at Sacramento and some of them learned how slow a race horse can go.

Dr. A. E. Osborn gave a most interesting talk on early California history and the first English school in the state. Early in 1847 Mrs. Olive Isbell held small classes in Santa Clara and later moved to Monterey where a regular place was established in the second story of the old custom house which is still standing. Alphabets and numbers were taught by marking on the backs of the children's hands with charcoal and on the smooth ground with sticks. Dr. Osborn has done considerable historical research throughout the state and has a fund of personal knowledge of the early pioneer characters and can give some very entertaining word pictures of the romantic days of this state.

Constitution Week

Mark Purmort will wield the gavel next Tuesday.

This year the Campbell Kiwanis club will celebrate "Constitution Week," during Sept. 15-21, according to Ed Wiesendanger, president of the local club, today. The time is fixed to conform to the date of the signing of the constitution, which was Sept. 17, 1787.

Observing with the local club will be all the other 1,745 Kiwanis clubs throughout the entire United States. One of the outstanding objectives of Kiwanis International is "to promote intelligent, aggressive and serviceable citizenship through an understanding of the fundamentals of government and of our responsibilities as citizens to actively participate in the solution of public problems and in community service."

All the clubs plan extensive programs for schools and communities to emphasize the need of a thorough study of the fundamental principles of this country's government," states Mr. Wiesendanger.

"The Kiwanis objective for which this observance is promoted makes a strong appeal to me. I expect full and faithful response from our club, so that our observance will be interesting and worth while."

The club will urge all its members as well as all citizens of the community to read the constitution during the observance week this month. It will also urge family groups, lodges and other organizations to stress the importance of understanding the constitution.

MANUEL MIRANDO DEAD MONDAY EVE

Manuel Mirando, Jr., son of M. Mirando, bled to death at his home on North Union avenue Monday evening. He was returning from a milk delivering trip into Campbell when he stumbled and fell at his own doorstep, the milk bottle he had been carrying under his arm shattering on the ground and pierced the lad's arm and chest, the arm wound containing a severed artery. Dr. W. I. Merrill, who was summoned immediately, found the lad already beyond human aid. He had died within three minutes of the accident.

The body was taken to the Nuttman funeral home in Santa Clara and an inquest was held today.

Funeral arrangements have not yet been completed.

Fire On South Fourth Street Sunday Morn

Sunday morning the local fire department was called out for a fire at the home of Mrs. Dutro on South Fourth street. The firemen encountered no particular difficulty in extinguishing the fire, the time required being less than two minutes, but there was plenty of trouble getting at the source of the fire.

A radio ground wire was being soldered onto the gas pipe when in some manner the gas became ignited and set fire to the house. A single container of chemical was used to put out the fire under the house, but the gas in the pipe threatened to burn indefinitely. The location of the gas valves in unknown to local firement and the San Jose P. G. & E. branch would not aid the boys by coming out and shutting off the gas.

A Job For The Exterminator — *By Albert T. Reid*

The New Co-operation

A MISGUIDED optimist once said, "The word 'competition' should never have been invented. 'Co-operation' is the right word for every occasion every time. Competition is wrong—co-operation is the thing."

He was wrong in not believing that competition is worth while, but ruthless competition with no regard for the spirit of co-operation is wrong. That is why the word co-operation came into being and the spirit of co-operation into practice.

Without competition, co-operation will not develop. With competition and co-operation mixed, we all do better. Competition today brings about co-operation.

For the competition is community competition. It is not the man down the street in the same line of business who is our competitor. It is the man in the same business in the next town. And co-operation with our "competitor" down the street makes the competition of the man in the next town less powerful.

We are living in an age which requires community co-operation, wholehearted co-operation on the part of every civic force—business, industrial, religious, educational, social, fraternal and citizenship.

Do we realize this? And do we practice it? What is the particularly bad practice or practices which are retarding the development of Campbell? Are we cutting into each other's line of business, or are we cutting unwisely and unscrupulously into each other's margin of profit? Or are we withholding our support from civic enterprises, community building enterprises, religious and educational projects?

Are we building up a better "service center" and assuring future prosperity for ourselves?

We must meet this challenge—we must link the surrounding country and town into a Greater Community. This can be done through every citizen lending whole-hearted co-operation. No matter how well the leaders may chart the course, no matter how much effort some few of our fellow citizens may place behind the movement for a greater community—the success can only be achieved through the co-operation of the entire community.

Today we cannot boast of the size of our community, when we stop to compare it to the population centers of the world. Nor can we hope to reach such a size. But there is one goal that Campbell can achieve, and that is *to be the best community of its size in these United States!* To achieve this end in face of the competition of other communities will require the co-operation of all of the citizens of Campbell.

COUNTRY WOMEN WILL OPEN THEIR SEASON MONDAY

The Country Woman's club will hold its first meeting of the new season Monday, Sept. 16, at 2:30 o'clock at the club house. Officers of the organizations announce that dues will be payable at this meeting.

The topic of the day will be "Vacation Notes," by the program committee consisting of Mesdames Purmort, Carboni and Lohr.

The program for the season is as follows:

Oct. 7.—"Women in Science," Mesdames Price, Farman and Hubbell; Oct. 21—"Spain," Mesdames Beal, Farley and Persons; Nov. 4—"Children's Books," Mesdames E. R. Kennedy, Strong and Lohr; Nov. 15—"Anthony and Cleopatra," Mesdames Ross and Dalvit and Miss Lewis; Dec. 2—"Africa; Geography and Resources," Mesdames G. W. Page, Field, Foster; Dec. 16—"Christmas Art and Music," Mesdames Grattan, T. A. Cutting and Bohnett, Gard and E. C. Merrill; Jan. 6—"Dutch Africa and Village Life," Miss Denton, Mesdames F. Cutting and Jackson; Jan. 20—Africa; Book Review," Mesdames Stray, Saunders and Pomeroy; Feb. 3—"Men's Night; Dramatic," Miss Schulte, Mesdames Sutter, Burrow, Johnson and Husted; Feb. 17—"Colonial Days and Patriots," Mesdames L. Shelley, R. W. Kennedy and Parkhill; March 3—"Books, Good and Bad," Mesdames Shaw, Voge and E. R. Smith; March 17—"Surprise Program," Mesdames Shadle, H. C. Smith and A. W. Page; April 7 — "Engineering Achievements of the United States," Mesdames Bean, Blaine and Wellington; April 21—"Child Welfare," Mesdames W. I. Merrill, Anderson and Jeffers; May 5—"Guest Day," Mesdames Lenox, Robson, Ainsley, Shank; May 19—"Open Meeting," Mesdames Perrott, Shearer and Barron; June 2—Picnic, Mesdames Hedegard, Archibald, Abbott, Woelffel and Morton.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL OPENS MONDAY

Principal I. R. Abbott of the Campbell union grammar school says that people are still calling him up in regard to the date of the opening of school. A recent issue of the Press advised that both local schools would be opened Monday, Sept. 16. The notice was evidently overlooked by some patrons of the school.

Present at the grammar school Monday to handle the influx of youngsters will be the following staff of teachers:

I. R. Abbott, principal; Mary Fablinger, high eighth; Hancie Naylor, low eighth; Kathryn Sevy, high seventh; Helen Nielsen, low seventh; Lloyd Berry, low seventh and manual training; Maude Sourisseau, high sixth; Dorothy Merriman, low sixth; Marion Plumm, high fifth; Bernice Saveker, low fifth; Ora Jasper, high fourth; Jeanne Turner, low fourth; Adele Grandeman, high third; Edythe Bell, low third; Mildred Sloan, high second; Ruth Stuart, low second; Emma Wilson, high first; Margaret Singleton, low first; Lillian Roberts, low first; Mabel Davidson, opportunity; Frances Swane, opportunity, Rowena Farman, domestic arts and cafeteria; A. A. Thielke, orchestra, and Christabel Girard, school nurse.

Cambrian School To Open Monday With Staff Of 3 Teachers

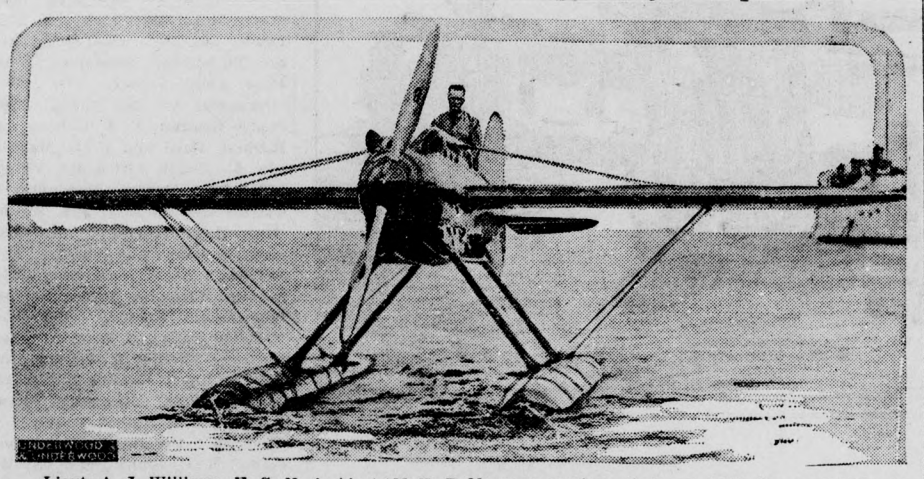
The following teachers will be in charge at the new term at the Cambrian school which commences next Monday: Mrs. Mabel Keesling, principal; Mrs. Anna Jones, intermediate, and Miss Wanda Witherspoon, primary.

The Cambrian school has been redecorated throughout the interior and a new stage and attractive scenery added. A good attendance is indicated, according to Mrs. Keesling.

Yes, Germany Still Has Quite an Army

With as much of an army as is permitted by the peace treaty, Germany keeps well up to date in military matters. Above are seen members of a gun crew, equipped with gas masks, firing their gun during recent maneuvers at Dobertiz.

Lieutenant Williams in His Mercury Seaplane



Lieut. A. J. Williams, U. S. N., in his 1,100 H. P. Mercury seaplane that was built for competition in the Schneider cup races at Cowes, England.

Omnibus College Girls at K. P. Duty

These Nebraska girls, members of an omnibus college that stopped at a tourist camp in Washington, were caught while doing their turn at kitchen police. Their schoolroom is a motor car.

Calf Triplets, and All Doing Well

Here are the three healthy calf triplets that were born recently on the Zwissig Brothers' ranch near Decoto, Calif. Farmers are surprised that all three should survive and be so healthy.

MEXICAN BEAUTY

Senorita Aurelia Colomo, one of the most beautiful Mexican girls ever residing in Washington, is to be presented to society in the National Capital this autumn.

NAMED FOR GOVERNOR

John Garland Pollard of Williamsburg, Va., who was nominated for governor of Virginia by the regular Democrats to oppose William M. Brown, Republican and anti-Smith Democratic nominee.

Blacksmith's Sons

Long before Longfellow wrote his celebrated poem, village blacksmiths had a high reputation as men of outstanding worth and intellectual and moral qualities. The village smithy has given not a few notable sons to the world.

We're Not Alone

As long as you remain in this world, you must admit other people into your life.—American Magazine

1—Typical girl athletes of Russia marching in the Red day parade in Moscow. 2—Col. James C. Roop of Chicago, who has succeeded General Lord as director of the budget. 3—Scene in the President's fishing camp in the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia, showing the summer White House.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

War Clouds Denser Over Manchuria—Senate Tariff Bill.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

WAR between China and Soviet Russia became increasingly probable during the week, and China let the world know that if it did come, Russia alone should be blamed. Several weeks ago it was said in these columns that the basis of the Manchurian trouble was the incurable itch of the Russians to sovietize the rest of the world, and this fact is emphasized in identical communications delivered by China's envoys to the governments of all nations signatory to the Kellogg pact. The note handed Secretary of State Stimson by Minister Wu makes the flat charge that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics has been plotting to overthrow the Chinese government and says the latter has the documents to prove this accusation.

Since 1927, the Chinese government declares, Russia has been conducting communistic propaganda in China, using the funds of the Chinese Eastern railway to finance these activities. These involved, it is charged, not only the overthrow of the Chinese government but the destruction of China's political and economic system.

These activities, it is added, have progressed to a point where the safety of China is endangered. China also charges Russia with sponsoring a policy of wholesale assassinations, one of the purposes of which was to bring about a world-wide revolution.

In the present crisis on the Manchurian frontier Russia, the Chinese say, has been making warlike threats involving not only firing into but the operation of military airplanes over Chinese territory. China, says the communication, still hopes for peace. It adds that "should such acts of provocation on the part of the Soviet government result in unavoidable clashes arising out of China's determination to defend her own rights the responsibility for disturbing the peace of the world must entirely rest with the Soviet government."

During the week there were repeated clashes between Chinese and Russian troops which in one or two instances amounted to real battles. Each side accused the other of invasion, but the dispatches indicated that the Soviet forces were the more aggressive in making border raids. The Nanking government continued to hurry heavy reinforcements to the Manchurian frontier, and recent cablegrams from Tokyo said Russian troops had already completed mobilization and were soon to march on Harbin, the Manchurian railroad center. It was asserted this advance was to be a "punitive expedition" and that the Soviet government was determined to force China to comply with its demands regarding the Chinese Eastern railway but would make no formal declaration of war.

REPUBLICAN members of the senate finance committee completed their draft of the revised tariff bill and made it public, and immediately was started the battle of words that is certain to be continued with increasing fury when the senate begins consideration of the measure. Senator Reed Smoot, chairman of the committee, gave out figures as proof that the bill drawn up by his conferees represents a scaling down of duties from the house bill rates.

The comparisons showed equivalent ad valorems for the senate committee bill, the house bill and the present law. It was indicated the senate committee decreased rates in ten of the fifteen schedules from the duties of the house bill. In four schedules the revision was upward and in one there was no change.

The revised bill represents increases from the present law in twelve schedules, decreases in two and no change in one. The equivalent ad valorems were obtained by estimating revenues under the different measures and figuring what the total duties by schedules would represent in percentages of total values of imports.

It was estimated the customs revenue under the senate bill would amount to $605,498,469, as compared with $646,014,545 under the house bill and $516,512,936 under existing law.

The figures showed a reduction in the agricultural schedule from the house bill, which was somewhat of a surprise.

The equivalent ad valorem of rates of the agricultural schedule in the senate committee bill was listed as 32.99 per cent as compared with 34.09 per cent in the house bill and 22.80 per cent in the present law.

The senate reconvened on August 19 with only about thirty members present and decided to hold perfunctory sessions twice a week until September 4, when the tariff debate would begin. The leaders planned passage of the measure about the middle of October. The house will reconvene September 23 and will mark time until the tariff bill is passed and ready for conference.

The Republican members of the senate finance committee approved a compromise provision for delaying two years the shift from a foreign to a domestic valuation basis, and settled several other administrative tariff controversies. Democrats of the committee made ready the numerous amendments to the bill which they will offer.

WHILE the representatives of the allied nations at The Hague were still disputing over the division of German reparations, with small prospect of immediate agreement, Dr. Gustav Stresemann, German foreign minister, informed them that, whether or not the Young plan was ratified by September 1, Germany could pay, beginning on that date, only the reparations called for by the scheme devised by Young and the other experts, namely, $487,900,000 a year.

Premier Aristide Briand of France replied that since the Young plan has not been adopted the German government must continue to carry out the treaty in force—the Dawes plan—which the reichstag had ratified.

Philip Snowden, British chancellor of the exchequer, said he considered the Germans must continue their payments according to the Dawes plan, which is the only recognized scheme for reparations.

British and Belgian troops were preparing to evacuate the second zone of the Rhineland, but Premier Briand said the evacuation of 60,000 French troops from the occupied territory hurriedly would be difficult since barracks were lacking in France to house them. It was understood that by January 1 the allied troops of occupation to the number of less than 20,000 would be out of all but the last zone, the Mayence bridgehead.

As for the split of reparations, London dispatches indicated that Morgan and other American bankers might have a good deal to do with forcing a compromise. The British press and, on the surface, the British government uphold Snowden in his refusal to accept a reduced share of the German payments, but it was said Prime Minister MacDonald was much impressed with the arguments of the financiers.

THE Graf Zeppelin completed its momentous voyage from Friedrichshafen to Tokyo in approximately 102 hours, circled over the Japanese capital and landed at the Kasumigaura flying field forty miles away. For several days the passengers and crew were feted by the wildly enthusiastic Japanese while the dirigible was being refueled and overhauled, the emperor himself taking a leading part in the entertainment of the visitors. As the big ship was being taken from the hangar for its start across the Pacific two struts were broken, and the take-off was delayed a day. Then the Zeppelin soared into the air on its way to Los Angeles and Lakehurst.

Oscar Kaesar and Kurt Luescher, young and comparatively inexperienced Swiss aviators, took off from Portugal for a flight across the Atlantic ocean to the United States. By the end of the week it was believed they had paid the penalty of their rashness with their lives. From the time when they were seen above Terceira island in the Azores all trace of them was lost.

Miss Marvel Crosson of San Diego, one of the contestants in the women's air derby from Santa Monica, Calif., to Cleveland, Ohio, met her death in western Arizona. Her body was found crushed against a boulder and a hundred yards away was the wreckage of her plane. Evidently she had leaped for her life but her parachute had failed to open.

Mamer and Walker in the plane Spokane Sun God accomplished the feat of making a refueling non-stop flight from Spokane to New York and return. They were in the air five full days and traversed 7,200 miles.

One of the British entries for the Schneider cup races, a super-marine Rolls Royce six piloted by Flying Officer Waghorn, made in tests the fastest flight ever made by an airplane. The tremendous speed of 350 miles an hour was reached, wthout an assisting wind. Lieut. Alford Williams was having a lot of trouble with the American hope for the Schneider trophy. During one of his attempts to get it off the water he was made unconscious by fumes from the engine.

UNCLE Sam decided last week to make a loan of $6,900,000 to help promote the building up of the merchant marine. The administration notified the shipping board that it saw no objection to such a loan to the American Export Steamship corporation under the Jones-White act. The company wishes to build four vessels, and this work may prevent unemployment in the Camden yards of the New York Shipbuilding company. Secretary of the Navy Adams also signed a contract with the last named concern for the construction of one of the cruisers in the fifteen-cruiser program, the cost to be $10,903,200.

Relief for agriculturists of several classes is actively under way through the federal farm board. That body approved loans aggregating more than $9,000,000 to be expended through co-operative groups for the stabilization of the California and fresh grape industries. The two principal groups concerned are the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers and the Federal Fruit Stabilization corporation. In addition, to cash credits granted, the board, it was announced, will assist the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers in whatever way possible to insure the growers "the undisturbed use and control of the valuable Sun-Maid trade-marks, the modern plants, and the international sales organization," which the raisin growers of California have built up over a period of years.

It was announced by the board that it would probably make advances of from five to ten millions to supplement the assistance now given Southern co-operative associations.

GERRIT JOHN DIEKEMA, a banker of Holland, Mich., and a former member of congress, has been appointed minister to Holland to succeed Richard M. Tobin of California, who resigned. Mr. Diekema, whose parents were born in Holland, speaks Dutch and has long been a student of the affairs of the Netherlands. Between 1901 and 1907 he was a member of the Spanish treaty claims commission.

NEW YORK has formally abandoned its plan to hold a world's fair in 1933, leaving that year to Chicago, whose Century of Progress exposition is fast being brought into concrete form. The New Yorkers decided to wait until 1935 and "then show them how to put on a world's fair right." The Chicago exposition has the advisory patronage of the National Research council, the backing of President Hoover and the national government and a united civic support.

BRITISH cotton manufacturers having agreed to arbitrate the dispute with their workers, the great strike in the Lancaster mills came to a close and half a million hands returned to their jobs. The arbitrators then decided that wages should be reduced 6.41 per cent, which is one-half the cut demanded by the operators. Both sides accepted the decision.

Determination of strikers that the Clinchfield textile mill at Marion, N. C., should not reopen with non-union men necessitated the calling out of two companies of the National Guard.

WITH the exception of 19 75-foot coast guard cutters, all vessels of the rum armada operating on the great lakes will be armed only with navy rifles and army revolvers, treasury officials announced.

The large cutters which operate a considerable distance from the shore line will carry machine guns, rifles, revolvers, and one pounders, described by Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Seymour Lowman to be used as signal guns for warning rum runners or rum running craft.

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TIRESOME

"Don't you think these companionate marriages are great?"

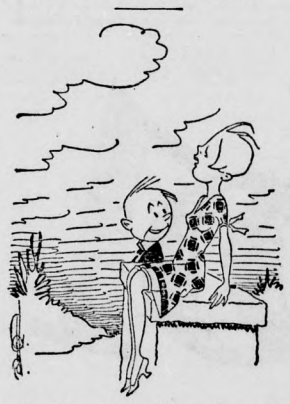
"Oh, I guess they'd be all right for the first ten or twelve attempts, but after that I think they'd grow monotonous."

NO CLOTHES THERE

"Why don't you take any stock in her charitable feelings? She said she'd give the poor the clothes off her back."

"Yes—said it when she was in evening dress."

NECK-ROMANCER



He—I hear Jack is a wizard with the ladies.

She—Yeh, he's a "neck-romancer."

MASHED THE POTATOES

Hubby—The cook's rather pretty, but flirtatious, I think.

Wifey (alarmed)—Why do you think so?

Hubby—She mashes even the turnips and potatoes, you see.

ALWAYS IN THE DUMPS

Gertie—That garbage man you run with ain't no pleasant fella.

Maggie—He can't help it—he's always in the dumps.

HER REGULAR DOSE

Doctor—What you need, Mrs. Riley, is a regular dose of iron.

Washerwoman—Sure an' don't I get a regular dose of the iron every day of me life, doctor?

POULTRY

DAMP FLOORS ARE MENACE TO FOWLS

Owners Who Tolerate Them Are Inviting Big Losses.

Damp floors in poultry houses are inexcusable, in the opinion of E. R. Gross, agricultural engineer at the New Jersey Agricultural experiment station. Poultrymen who tolerate them are inviting heavy losses in their flocks and a general reduction in the efficiency of the birds that survive.

A dry wooden floor may be made of two layers of boards with building paper between, the top layer to be a good grade of matched flooring, so that it may be kept clean. Many poultrymen find it desirable to keep the floor 12 to 18 inches above the ground and to leave the south foundation wall open for air circulation. The other sides should be closed tight to keep out cold winds.

For a dry concrete floor, either of two methods may be used. The first is as follows: Build the foundation walls; level the ground inside, do not remove any soil; fill in with 6 to 8 inches of coarse sand, gravel, or cinders; then place 3½ to 4 inches of concrete floor on top. In this construction, be sure the foundations are high enough for the fill of cinders and the floor. This raised floor with insulating fill will be dry.

The other method is to lay a two-course concrete floor with a layer of roofing paper between.

Sometimes the floor itself is not the cause of dampness. Then the remedy must be sought in a study of the care of the house ventilation, litter, or sunlight admitted.

Fertile Eggs Reason for Paltry Returns

Nature intends the egg to hatch a chick. To get the best food results from eggs we have to defeat nature's purpose by producing infertile eggs. A fertile egg is just as good as an infertile one, if it is used at once, but it won't hold up under summer market conditions.

Sell or confine the roosters as soon as the breeding season is over. The hens will lay just as well without the male in the flock. Using early hatched cockerels is a good breeding practice on the farms. Selling them as soon as your hatching season is over saves a feed bill of from 90 cents to $1.50 each. If you have particularly valuable males, confine them.

Difficult to Decide Sex of Young Poults

It is difficult to be absolutely sure of the sex of young turkey poults. The males will usually "shoot the red" and show development of the fleshy growth on the head a little sooner than the females, and they are also likely to grow more rapidly than the females.

With the Bronze variety of turkeys the sex can also be detected by the plumage color as soon as they are well feathered. The breasts of the females show the characteristic white tips to the breast feathers, while the males will show dark tips.

Changing Breeds

Several years ago it was common advice to avoid changing breeds of poultry. It was before the days of the large hatchery when poultrymen established a flock with a few settings of eggs, possibly bought at a high price, and then spent several years in developing their own flocks. A change meant starting all over. In many cases birds of both breeds would be retained, and soon a pure-bred flock became a flock of crosses followed by a flock of mongrels.

Poultry Meat Breeds

On many farms ducks, geese and turkeys are the sources of considerable income. Ducks are the meat birds of poultry. They are hardy and with the exception of picking are easy to handle. A duck, if well cared for, weighs five pounds at the end of ten weeks. It takes a chicken twice as long to grow to this size. Ducks are good egg producers. The eggs are larger than hens' eggs. The Pekin and Runner are popular breeds, the former weighing around ten pounds when matured.

Must Have Feed

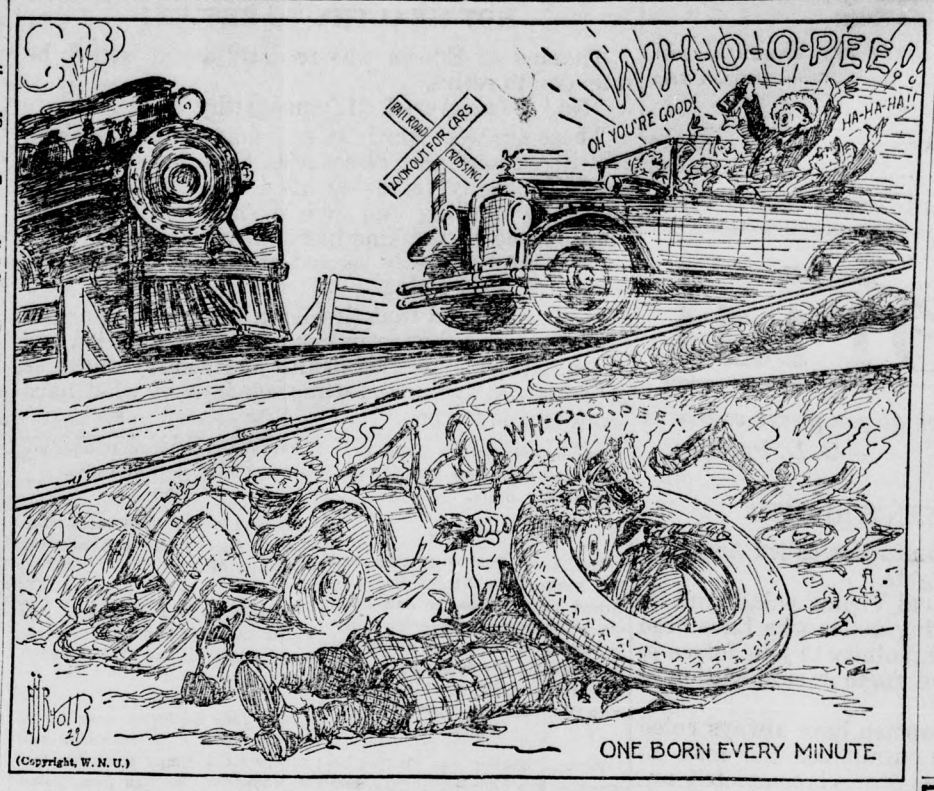
The Purdue university poultry department summarizes the general treatment of the farm hen as follows:

"Hens won't live on hopes and prospects. They must have feed and plenty of it. The hen does not get enough to eat in summer. The fields, barnyards and feed lots will furnish the hen little else but grains and green food. These alone and in their present insufficient quantities will not be sufficient to produce good egg production."

Like Old Roosts

Pullets learn to like their roosts in the colony house and fruit trees. After they have been housed for several weeks the weather may be warm and sunshiny, and there is a great temptation to turn out the flock for a few more days of exercise on the range. If this is done, and the pullets have any way of returning to their old roosts, they are apt to leave the laying house some evening, and it is a most discouraging job picking them from the trees.

Along the Concrete



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Italy Utilizes Vast Water Power in Production of Electrical Energy

One after another the great waterfalls of the Alps and Apennines have been placed in subjugation by Italy, their water guided into huge high pressure conduits and forced to turn giant turbines, writes Henry Kittredge Norton in World's Work.

Before the World war these turbines were already producing two billion kilowatt hours per year; during the war, because of the shortage of coal and the need for power, this capacity was increased by another billion kilowatts. After the post-war turbulence had settled down into the Fascist regime, a new impetus was given to electrical development, and by the end of 1926 the actual consumption had reached 7,500,000,000 kilowatt hours per annum.

Since then it has continued to mount. More than 7,000 of Italy's 9,000 communes are now supplied with electrical energy. The per capita consumption runs close to 200 kilowatt hours.

As was to be expected under the circumstances, by far the greater portion of Italy's electrical energy is used in turning the wheels of her factories. Lighting is a secondary consideration. Sixty per cent of Italy's electrical energy is used for motor power; 15 per cent for light and heat; 14 per cent in the metallurgical and chemical industries, and the remaining 11 per cent for the electrified railways.

Education in America

Compulsory education in the United States occurred first in Massachusetts. As far back as 1642 the selectmen were enjoined to compel parents to teach their children themselves or to procure teaching for them. The following list shows the dates at which the several states enacted compulsory education legislation: Massachusetts, 1852; District of Columbia, 1864; Vermont, 1867; New Hampshire, Michigan, Washington, 1871; Connecticut, New Mexico, 1872; Nevada, 1873; New York, Kansas, California, 1874; Maine, New Jersey, 1875; Wyoming, 1876; Ohio, 1877; Wisconsin, 1879; Rhode Island, Illinois, the Dakotas, Montana, 1883; Minnesota, Nebraska, Idaho, Colorado, Oregon, Utah, 1885-1890; by 1908 almost all states.

Zinc in Industry

Starting with the Nineteenth century the increase in the use of zinc was decidedly accelerated. During the first decade the production was estimated at 6,000 tons. In the fifth decade the output had jumped to 367,000 tons, and for the half century the total was 635,000 tons. The output of the second half century reached the amazing total of 12,100,000 tons, or an increase of 1,860 per cent. The acceleration has continued, and in the year 1927 the output was 1,444,000 tons, a total equal to the production of the first 60 years of the Nineteenth century.

Nearly one-third of the entire world's output of zinc has been produced in the United States.

Pigs as Currency

A traveler who had returned to England from the Pacific has been telling some amusing stories of things that go on in the New Hebrides. Pigs, he says, are not only eaten on a large scale, but they are the standard currency in the island. There are certain ceremonies at which it is very important to have pigs, and they are frequently borrowed. The men who lend pigs are like money lenders, demanding interest on their loan, and when the pig is paid back it must be the size the pig that was loaned would have grown to during the time it was borrowed.

Blue Paint Unpopular With Deep-Sea Sailors

Seafarers in general are emphatic in their dislikes of blue paint on a vessel. It is a deep-rooted belief with them that bad luck will follow the use of the color. Twenty-five years or so ago the Donna Briggs, a little three-masted coasting schooner, was a familiar caller at ports between Nova Scotia and Boston. The men of the sea and ships declared that whenever she dropped anchor a storm followed. The schooner's hull was blue.

"I recall that a few years ago," said a Fulton Market fish dealer, "we engaged a Gloucester skipper to go down to a Maine port and bring back a schooner that had just been launched for us. When he found they had painted the hatches blue, he picked up his grip and started back for the railroad station."—New York Times.

Prices of Wheat and Flour

It takes five bushels of wheat to make one barrel of flour. A barrel of flour makes 300 loaves of bread. For every change in price of flour, of $1 per barrel, the baker's cost is affected to the extent of one-third of one cent for each one-pound loaf. In short, wheat would have to either advance or fall 60 cents per bushel, before it could affect the price of bread one cent per loaf.

Change of Attire in Public Place Simple Matter for Japanese Traveler

In the West we have a gentleman's agreement that disrobing should be confined to the bedroom and bathroom, or at any rate to some place behind closed doors. Not so in Japan! One hot day in a train traveling from Kobe to Kyoto I witnessed an incident that showed the Japanese can adopt a really common-sense attitude to clothes, writes Harold Butcher in Cassel's Magazine.

It was a third-class carriage. A few seats ahead of me was a Japanese passenger who was beginning to feel the heat. His silk shirt was wet and clammy. Something must be done about it! One could read this in his mind.

He had his remedy. He stood up and removed his shirt. Then he found that his undershirt was also soaked. He removed that and dried his naked torso. From his suitcase he produced a clean undershirt and a clean, cool shirt, which he proceeded to don with perfect unconcern and irreproachable modesty. As far as I could judge he changed every stitch of clothing with never a quiver, and finished triumphantly—a reclothed, revived, rejuvenated human being. In this hot train in Japan the whole affair seemed the most natural and sensible thing to do in the circumstances.

Made Store a Shrine

The secret of a little general store in an English village, shuttered and closed for forty years, was disclosed on the death of its owner. Flavius Josephus Wilkinson had left the store absolutely unaltered since the death of his father. Calendars and papers of forty years before were found, and on the counter was a pair of old-fashioned scales. There was also a yard stick that had evidently been used for measuring cloth, and the medicine bottles, tea canisters and jars were as the old man had left them—even the jacket of the old shopkeeper still hung on the wall. Few customers knew of this remarkable instance of a son's devotion to his father's memory. The son had been left comfortably well off, but he carefully dusted and swept the little store and lived for many years in the house adjoining it.

The Homestead

Brown—I shall do just as I like. If I want to smoke in the drawing room, I shall smoke in the drawing room. And that's that!

Silence.

Brown (warming up)—What's more, the carpet is good enough ash-tray for me. Quite good enough. So please understand in future!

Silence.

Brown (continuing)—And if you think I'm going to spend the whole afternoon standing about loaded up with parcels, you've made a mighty big . . .

Problem: How long has his wife been deaf?

Whitman's "Ballyhoo"

Walt Whitman, writes Harvey O'Higgins in Harper's Magazine, at the time his first book of poems appeared, ballyhooed himself, anonymously, in the American Phrenological Journal as the "haughtiest of writers that has ever yet written and printed a book." And in the United States and Democratic Review, for the same month of September, 1855, he hailed himself anonymously, as "one of the roughs, large, proud, affectionate, his costume manly and free, his face sunburnt and bearded, his postures strong and erect."

Ambassador's Duties and Privileges Give Him Ranking Above Minister

An ambassador is head of an embassy and a minister is head of a legation. Under international law and usage an ambassador is the personal representative of a sovereign or head of a state, and is accredited directly to the head or sovereign of another state. A minister is, under international law and usage, the representative of the government (as distinct from the head of the state) and is accredited to the government of another state. Theoretically an ambassador has the right to converse directly with the sovereign or head of the state to which he is accredited, and likewise may correspond directly with the sovereign or head of his own country. A minister, on the other hand, in theory carries on his correspondence with the minister of foreign affairs of the state to which he is accredited, and similarly corresponds with his own government through the minister of foreign affairs of his own country.

In practice the duties of an ambassador and a minister are the same. At a social and official function an ambassador, on account of his superior rank, takes precedence over a minister.

Persian "Medical" Treatment

In Persia it is believed those who are sick are possessed with a devil. So when a child of one of the leading Americans there falls ill, the head servant, who is very fond of this particular child, offers to take the disease, and next day he is sick in bed. And the other servants work their own miracles. They take a chunk of coke, an onion and some other articles which have been given miracle working powers, and hold them over the child's head. The sickness, la grippe, runs its natural course. The child improves, gets well. The treatment of the servants is proven effective. This sounds as if it were written in China, but it happened right in Teheran.

Money's Real Meaning

Money in itself means nothing. It is only a medium of exchange. How much you get in your pay envelope each week depends on what you have to offer and are willing to give in exchange for it. You are your own paymaster.—Grit.

Might as Well

"Look here, Smith, it's no use your coming around here again, you've borrowed everything I've got in the place."

"Oh, but this is different. I wonder if I could borrow your garden for a bit of a party I'm giving on Saturday."—Passing Show.

MOST people depend on Bayer Aspirin to make short work of headaches, but did you know it's just as effective in the worse pains from neuralgia or neuritis? Rheumatic pains, too. Don't suffer when Bayer Aspirin can bring complete comfort without delay, and without harm; it does not affect the heart. In every package of genuine Bayer Aspirin are proven directions with which everyone should be familiar, for they can spare much needless suffering.

BAYER ASPIRIN

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For Barbed Wire Cuts
Try HANFORD'S
Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

WHAT WILL IT DO?
Women are saying: "Pinkham's Compound keeps me fit to do my work." "I was nervous and all run down. Now I eat better and sleep better—". "It helped my thirteen year old daughter."—"I took it before and after my baby was born." —"I am gaining every day."
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Agents Make Money, with our sell-on-sight line of Christmas Cards with your customer's name on them in raised letters. Classic Printery, 108 Eureka St., San Francisco, Calif.

BAKERY—CONFECTIONERY
In 2,000 town So. Calif. Est. 15 yrs. Nets $300 mo. Low rent, lease. Central Investment Co., 3086 W. Pico, Los Angeles.

Contains 33⅓% Pure Sulphur
"Glenn's Sulphur Soap has a clearing effect on my skin that is helpful and gratifying. It lathers most agreeably and the rinsing seems unusually quick."
GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP
Contains 33⅓ per cent Pure Sulphur
Hill's Hair Dye, Black and Brown, 50c

BOILS VANISH LIKE MAGIC
Carboil, a specialist's salve, stops pain instantly, and ripens and heals worst boil or carbuncle often overnight. Get Carboil today from druggist and laugh at boils. Spurlock-Neal Co., Nashville, Tenn.

At any rate, precocious children haven't the inferiority complex. Be thankful for that.

Dainty white dresses for baby or daughter made beautiful by Russ Ball Blue. Your Grocer has it.—Adv.

Not a Cent

"Will you give assent to my marriage with your daughter, sir?"

"No, sir; not a cent."

Family Discipline

"Your mother brings you up very strictly, Hans."

"Yes, but she is stricter with father."

Save the Fine Laundry

20 Mule Team Borax is a great help. It softens water, aids soap, and deodorizes as it cleanses. Eliminates hard rubbing, whitens clothes, and is perfectly harmless. Borax saves the hands and saves fine laundry, too.—Adv.

American Meat Products

When Rabelais described Gargantua's meals, his imagination seemed to outstrip all possibilities. But Uncle Sam's menu would make Gargantua seem an ascetic. Americans last year ate more than 9,000,000,000 pounds of pork, alone. Their total production, not including importation, of dressed meats was 16,955,000,000 pounds.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA
A BABY REMEDY APPROVED BY DOCTORS
FOR COLIC, CONSTIPATION, DIARRHEA

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Editorial

Indulge in humor as much as you please so that it is not ill-humor. —*G. D. Prentice.*

ENROLL FOR MEN'S RIGHTS

Now there is a world organization called Aequitas, formed to fight for men's rights.

It is housed in a fine old Vienna palace and its members are 25,000 suffering males who have been driven by the tyranny of femininity to join forces in the hope of preventing the further subjugation of men.

The Aequitas says that women have always ruled France, that women voters outnumber the men in England, and that the United States is completely under the domination of the ladies.

The Aequitas admits it does not want to re-establish the tyranny of the male. (Evidently that is considered a hopeless task.)

The program of the Aequitas, if carried out, would make it impossible for women of means or women capable of self-support, or women who leave their husbands within three years of marriage, to get alimony. Divorced women would be denied the use of their husband's names.

There are other purposes of this movement for Men's Rights. But it is a rather timid, milk-and-watery movement. For example, many American men are in it. But they refuse to make their names public! They're afraid. And who wouldn't be?

NOT HEALTHY TO RETIRE!

Thomas A. Edison was recently asked wether he intended to retire.

"No," he answered. "It's unhealthy."

These are wise words from a man of true wisdom. His inventions and discoveries have benefitted the world for many years—at his advanced years many men stop working and give themselves to rest and comfort, but he remains just as busy as ever.

He knows not only secrets of electricity, but also secrets of good living.

He has learned that life is an experience glorious and vital—and that retirement means stagnation and death. His own splendid health and mental ability at an advanced age is a sterling example of what hard work can do for one.

Marion and Beatrice Cilker have concluded their two weeks' vacation at Big Basin.

—c—

Mrs. Louis Shelley accompanied her niece, Miss Vivian Beyer of Grand Valley, Colo., to San Francisco Wednesday where Miss Beyer entrained for home where she is to resume her duties as teacher. She spent most of this summer with Mr. and Mrs. Shelley.

—c—

Richard Shelley was visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Shelley, over the week-end. Richard is the associate editor of the U. C. daily paper.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Newcomb are home after a month spent at Tahoe where they vacationed and where Gilbert built a porch on the Duncan cottage.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Gruver of Priest Valley were recent visitors with the former's sister, Mrs. C. Rubbell, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Holmes are spending a few days at Tahoe.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Dunlap were visiting friends and relatives in Palo Alto Monday.

—c—

Herbert McAron of Fresno and Frank Libby of Hollister were recent visitors at the C. F. Rubbell home.

—c—

Miss Lois Bachman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bachman, who underwent a tonsil operation last Thursday at the San Jose hospital is reported to be recovering rapidly.

—c—

Mrs. Kent Stice of Stockton was a recent visitor with Mrs. L. F. Shaw and Mrs. May Beardsley.

—c—

George and Byron Lanphear motored to Alhambra Saurday to attend the wedding of their cousin, Miss Lily Martin, to Powell Sloan.

—c—

Mickey Morgan made abusiness trip to San Francisco today.

Miss Lois Gardner of San Jose, instructor in domestic science at the Campbell high school, returned Monday evening from a visit at Culver City and neighboring communities.

—c—

Mrs. George Marsh, who had been on a lecture and visiting trip through the northern part of the state visited Mrs. E. R. Smith last week on her way home to Claremont. Rev. and Mrs. Marsh returned this spring from Athens, Greece, where they had been in the School of Religion for the past three years. They expect to remain in this country for the present to be with Mr. Marsh's aged mother.

In the Eastman Kodak amateur photography contest Ralph Hyde won a prize for a picture of his dog.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Larrabee of Berkeley were recent guests at the C. L. Watson home.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. J. Martin left Thursday for Oregon where they will make their home.

—c—

Ben Rodeck was here Monday and took their small daughter, who had visited her grandmother over the week-end, back to Gilroy to enter the kindergarten which opened Tuesday.

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LOCAL HAPPENINGS

William Truax has returned from a three month's vacation at Lake Tahoe.

—c—

Mrs. Julius Bachman is home again after a month's vacation at Camp Wastahi, the Campfire girls' camp at Big Basin.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Hutton and Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Ross spent three days at the state fair in Satramento last week, returning Saturday.

—c—

Miss Inez Hunt returned to her home in Los Angeles Friday after a visit of several weeks with her aunts, Mrs. Effie Hubbell and Miss A. E. Denton.

—c—

Mrs. E. R. Kennedy and son and mother, Mrs. Mary Palmer, are spending this week at Santa Cruz.

—c—

Mrs. Harrison Wilkins of Auburn, Wash., is the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Smith.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Steindorf, Sr., are receiving a visit from their nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. H. Sleep.

—c—

Mrs. Rose Hanger is spending a few days at her Seabright cottage.

Don't let them go back to school with stains and spots on their clothes! We can make their clothes look just like new so that your children can enter the classroom presenting a neat, fresh, clean appearance.

All work done promptly. We call for and deliver.

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Cleaning - Dyeing - Pressing
I. O. O. F. Bldg.
Phone 77 Campbell

Will be with us again

school days

MONDAY

SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

. . . . and the opening of school means the purchasing of school supplies.

Smith's is where you can get all materials necessary for attendance at either the elementary or high school, including note books, binders, filler papers fountain pens, automatic pencils, drawing materials, etc.

Smith's Stationery Store

SOULS for SALE

by RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

Well, she would sell what God had made of her for what man might make of her.

At the studio she had met the casting director, Arthur Tirrey. It was he who said to this one or that one, "Here is a part; play it, and the company will give you so much a week."

He was the St. Peter of the movie heaven, empowered to admit or to deny. He was the man for her to seek. He had seemed a decent enough man, and he had looked at Mem without insolence. But you can never tell!

Mem studied herself a long while in the mirro, since her eyes and her smile must be her chief wardrobe, her siren equipment. She practiced such expressions as she supposed to represent invitation. They were silly and they made her rather ill.

She reached Tirrey's office and found him idly swapping stories with his assistant. He spoke to her courteously, motioned her into his office, closed the door, and took his own place behind his desk.

The telephone rang. He called into it: "Sorry, Miss Waite; that part has been filled. The company couldn't make your salary. I begged you to take the cut, but you wouldn't. Times are hard and you'd better listen to reason. Sorry. Goodby!"

This was a discouraging background for Mem's siren scenario. But she determined to carry out her theory and, in all self-loathing, adjusted herself in her big chair to what she imagined was a Cleopatran sinuosity. She thought of her best lines; secretly twitched up her skirts and thrust her ankles well into view.

She turned upon Mr. Tirrey her most languishing eyes, and tried to pour enticement into them as into bowls of fire.

She pursed her lips and set them full. She widened her breast with deep sighs.

Tirrey seemed to recognize that she was deploying herself. He grew a little uneasy. But he was as polite to Mem as if she had been Robina Teele.

"What can I do for you?"

"I want a chance to act."

"What experience have you had," he asked.

Mem was suddenly confronted with the fact that all actors must offer themselves for sale—not the pretty women only, but the old men, too, and the character women.

Actors are much abused for talking of themselves. Few of them do when business is not involved, but when it is they must discuss the goods they are trying to sell. Shoe merchants talk shoes; railroad presidents, railroads; politicians, politics; clergymen, salvation. Each salesman must recommend his own stock and talk it up.

So Mem had to grope for experience and dress her window with it. And she had had so little she lied a little, as one does who tries to sell anything:

"I was with the company that Tom Holby and Robina Teele played in. I took the part of an Arabian woman. Mr. Folger, the director — er—praised my work."

"Well, he knows," said Tirrey, "but he's not with this company, you know. Have we your name and address and a photograph outside in our files?"

"No."

"Well, if you'll give them to Mr. Dobbs, with your height, weight, color of eyes and hair, and experience, we'll let you know when anything occurs. I'll introduce you to Mr. Dobbs and he—"

He moved toward the door to escape from the cruelty of his office, but a frenzy moved her to seize his arm in a fierce clutch.

She tried to play the vampire as she had seen the part enacted on the screen by various slithy toves. She drew her victim close to her, pressed tight against him, and poured upward into his eyes all the venom of an amorous basilisk.

"I'll pay the Price! I know what it costs to succeed, and I'm willing to pay. I'll do anything you say, be anything to you. You can't refuse me!"

She could hardly believe her own ears hearing her own voice, though with pride in the acting she was doing lefted her from the disgust for her role.

He looked at her without surprise, without horror, without even amusement, but — also without a hint of surrender. His only mood was one of jaded pity.

"You poor child, who's been filling your head with that stuff? Are you really trying to vamp me?"

The crass word angered her:

"I'm trying to force my way to my career, and I don't care what it costs."

Tirrey's sarcastic smile faded.

"Sit down a minute and listen to me. A little common sense ought to have told you that what you've been told is all rot. Suppose I were willing to give a job to every pretty girl who tried to bribe me with love. Do you know how many women I see a day—a hundred and fifty on some days; that's nearly a thousand a week. And if you won me over you'd still have to please the director and the managers and the author and the public. How long would our company keep going if we selected our actresses according to their immorality?

"I'll pay the price. I'll do anything you say. You can't refuse me."

"Forget this old rot about 'paying the price.' Tell Mr. Dobbs your pedigree and we'll give you the first chance we get, and no initiation fee or commission will be charged. How's that? A little bit of all right, eh? You're a nice child, and pretty, and you'll get along."

He lited her from her chair and put his arm around her as a comrade, and slapped her shoulder in an accolade of good fellowship.

She broke under the strain and began to cry. She dropped back into her chair and sobbed. It was good to be punished and rebuked into common decency by the way of common sense.

It chanced that the president of the company was returning to his ofice from a visit to one of the stages. This was the man whose name was familiar about the world. Every film from his factory was labeled: "Bermond presents—"; "Copyright by the Bermond Company;" "This is a Bermond picture." The slogan of the company was, "This is a Bermond year."

When Mr. Bermond heard Mem crying, his heart hurt him. He did not like scandal, disorder, confusion, or grief on his lot.

He went to Mem and tried to console her. He took her hands down from her contorted face and forced her to look at him. Seen through the cascades of her tears she was strikingly attractive, appealing.

"Sarah Bernhardt failed in her first play, you know, and you may be a second Sarah some day," he said. "Just you wait!"

Mem's eyes were filling with rainbows. A bystander drew Bermond aside. It was Claymore, a dramatist who had had a few successes before he established himself in the moving pictures as a director.

"That girl has the tear," he said to Bermond. "That woman you've given me for my next picture is awful. Let me take this kid and give her a real test. She might have just what we want."

"Sure! Fine! Go to it!" said Bermond, and hastened to Mem with the good news that Mr. Claymore—the great Mr. Claymore—was going to give her a chance!

* * * *

The next morning found Mem at the studio betimes, borrowing mascaro and advice from Miss Calder.

Claymore was waiting for her when she came from the women's dressing rooms. She was daubed, smeared, lined, powdered, roughed, mascaroed, and generally calcimined for duty. Her heart was beating in alternate throbs of fear and frenzy. Her feet were at the brink of the Rubicon.

Claymore had provided a camera man, a few men to handle the electric lights, a property man, and even a pair of musicians—a violinist and the treader of a wheezy little portable melodeon.

Claymore marched her into the scene and gave her a little of what he called footwork.

"Go back to that door and come forward to this spot. Shake hands with—er—with your lover—er—Well—no. Let me see. That's too simple. Let's get down to business.

"You've a— Oh—well, just for instance, you've been—er—betrayed and your child has died and you've been accused of murdering it and now you're being called before the judge and the jury. Do you get me? You're coming into a courtroom under a charge of crime; you feel your shame, but you're innocent of the charge, yet you're overwhelmed with guilt for your fall, and the father of the child is—was killed in the war, say—and you don't much care whether you live or die; so you're in despair, yet defiant. That's a triple layer of emotion for you and I don't suppose you can get much of it over, but—just try to give the atmosphere of it. Now back to the door. Walk through it once."

Claymore was as much embarrassed as Mem, for his invention was not in its best working order so early in the morning. He felt as silly as a man badgered by a peevish child to tell a story.

But his trite plot stirred Mem amazingly. He could not know how close his random shots had come home to her and flung her back from the forward-looking artist to the lorn fugitive who had stumbled into California laden with disgrace.

She was all atremble and her eyes darted, her fingers twitched. Claymore marveled at her instantaneous response to his suggestion. There were born artists who shivered on the least breath of inspiration and suggestion.

His first impression of Mem was that he had found a genius, and he fought against the obstacles he encountered later with the zest of a man digging toward known gold.

In a kind of stupor Mem obeyed his command like the trained confederate of a hypnotist. She went to the door, came in reluctant, shamefaced, doomed. She advanced slowly till she reached the edge of the rug he had indicated, then halted, and with a fierce effort hoisted her head in defiance and braved the lightning of the judge.

She heard Claymore call to her: "That's fine! Now we'll take it!"

She started back, but was checked by the camera man's "Wait, please!" He ran forward and shouted directions on all sides for lights.

"Hit those spots! Throw the ash can on her. Bring up that

(Continued on Page 4)

FIELD'S STORE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY SPECIALS

Jello, 2 pkgs	15c
Clorox, per bottle	14c
Comet Rice Flakes, 2 pkgs	25c
Borden't Malted Milk, large size bottle	49c
Kerr Jars, qts per doz	95c
Karo Crystal White Syrup, 5 lb can	41c
Brillo and Brillo Holder, both for	15c
Head Rice, 5 lbs	38c
Blue Ribbon Malt, full 3 lb can	59c
Spaghetti, Franco-American brand, per pkg	9c
FLIT, pint can	49c
Melons, lb.	1c

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$52.50 to Chicago (a saving of $50.97) is an example. Investigate!

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The 58-hour "Overland Limited" is the fastest train by hours—on any route—between San Francisco and Chicago. "San Francisco Limited," 61¼-hour flyer, is a fast all-Pullman train *without extra fare.*

Pacific Coast Low Fares

16-day roundtrips will be on sale until September 30. You can go quickly and comfortably, save time and money if you go by train, for Southern Pacific lines link all vacation-land.

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Fast trains over its Four Great Routes, and the option Southern Pacific allows of going one way, returning another, means a real back East vacation even if you can only spare two weeks. Low roundtrips until September 30.

Southern Pacific

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Enjoy care-free, comfortable warmth by installing an automatic gas-fired heating system. It costs less than any other automatic system. It lasts for years with little servicing. Modern ventilated firebox passes all products of combustion outdoors. Into your rooms flows heat as clean as the warmth from the sun.

There are many types of good gas-fired heating equipment. How can you know which to choose?

The experience of P G and E engineers and their knowledge of all types of gas-fired heating systems enables them to judge which is the most adaptable for each home. Their knowledge is for your benefit. For details, phone or call our office. Automatic heating installed for 10% down and terms

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The TRAIL OF '98

A Northland Romance

by

Robert W. Service

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

WNU Service

WHAT WENT BEFORE

Athol Meldrum, young Scotsman who tells the story, leaves his mother and brother, Garry, to seek his fortune. At San Francisco, practically penniless, he meets a fellow adventurer whom he dubs the Prodigal. The Prodigal is anxious to join the rush of gold seekers into Alaska, and Meldrum agrees to go with him after he (the Prodigal) comes back from a visit to his wealthy father in the East. Athol, in great need is befriended by Jim Hubbard ("Salvation Jim"). When the Prodigal returns, the three men join the stampede into the Frozen North. On the boat is a young girl, Berna, traveling with her grandfather and a hard-looking couple named Winklestein who figure as her uncle and aunt. She tells Athol she is journeying into Alaska to take care of her grandfather, who is obsessed with the idea of getting rich in Klondike. Landing at Skagway, Athol's party at once takes the trail. In a snowslide on the Chilcoot trail, which Berna and her companions had taken, hundreds of lives are lost.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

—4—

"Yes, indeed, I'd like to see the trail."

"Oh, yes, we've observed your enthusiastic interest in trails. Why don't you marry the girl? Well, cut along, old chap. Don't be gone too long."

So next morning, traveling as lightly as possible, I started for Bennett.

I was jogging along past the advance guard of the oncoming army, when who should I see but Mervin and Hewson. They looked thoroughly seasoned, and had made record time with a large outfit. In contrast to the worn, weary-eyed men with faces pinched and puckered, they looked insolently fit and full of fight. They had heard of the snowslide but could give me no particulars. I inquired for Berna and the old man. They were somewhere behind, between Chilcoot and Lindeman. "Yes, they were probably buried under the slide. Good-by."

I hurried forward, full of apprehension. A black stream of Cheechakos were surging across Lindeman; then I realized the greatness of the other advancing army, and the vastness of the impulse that was urging these indomitable atoms to the North. It was blowing quite hard and many had put up sails on their sleds with good effect.

Why was I so anxious about Berna? I did not know, but with every mile my anxiety increased. A dim unreasoning fear possessed me. I imagined that if anything happened to her I would forever blame myself. I hurried forward.

I met the Twins. They had just escaped the slide, they told me, and had not yet recovered from the shock. A little way back on the trail it was. I would see men digging out the bodies. They had dug out seventeen that morning. Some were crushed as flat as pancakes.

Again, with a pain at my heart, I asked after Berna and her grandfather. Twin number one said they were both buried under the slide. I gasped and was seized with sudden faintness. "No," said twin number two, "the old man is missing, but the girl has escaped and is nearly crazy with grief. Good by."

Once more I hurried on. Gangs of men were shoveling for the dead. Every now and then a shovel would strike a hand or a skull. Then a shout would be raised and the poor, misshapen body turned out.

Again I put my inquiries. A busy digger paused in his work. "Yes, that must have been the old guy with the whiskers they dug out early on from the lower end of the slide. Relative, name of Winkelstein, took charge of him. Took him to the tent yonder. Won't let anyone go near."

He pointed to a tent on the hillside, and it was with a heavy heart I went forward. The poor old man, so gentle, so dignified, with his dream of a golden treasure that might bring happiness to others. It was cruel, cruel. . . .

"Say, what d'ye want here? Get to h—l outa this."

The words came with a snarl. I looked up in surprise.

There at the door of the tent, all a-bristle like a gutter-bred cur, was Winklestein.

I felt myself grow suddenly savagely angry. I measured the man for a moment and determined I could handle him.

"I want," I said soberly, "to see the body of my old friend."

"You do, do you? Well, you darned well won't. Besides, there ain't no body here."

"You're a liar!" I observed. "But it's no use wasting words on you. I'm going in anyhow."

With that I gripped him suddenly and threw him sideways with some force. One of the tent ropes took away his feet violently, and there on the snow he sprawled, glowering at me with evil eyes.

"Now," said I, "I've got a gun, and if you try any monkey business, I'll fix you so quick you won't know what's happened."

The bluff worked. He gathered himself up and followed me into the tent, looking the picture of malevolent impotence. On the ground lay a longish object covered with a blanket. With a strange feeling of reluctant horror I lifted the covering. Beneath it lay the body of the old man.

He was lying on his back, and had not been squeezed out of all human semblance like so many of the others. Nevertheless, he was ghastly enough, with his bluish face and wide bulging eyes. I felt around his waist. Ha! the money belt was gone!

"Winklestein," I said, turning suddenly on the little Jew. "I was this dead man's friend. I'm still his granddaughter's friend. I'm going to see justice done. This man had two thousand dollars in a gold belt round his waist. It belongs to the girl now. You've got to give it up, Winklestein, or by—"

"Prove it, prove it!" he spluttered. "You're a liar; she's a liar; you're all a pack of liars, trying to blackmail a decent man. He had no money, I say!"

"Oh, you vile wretch!" I cried. "I've a mind to choke your dirty throat. But I'll hound you till I make you cough up that money. Where's Berna?"

Suddenly he had become quietly malicious.

"Find her," he jibed; "find her for yourself. And take yourself out of my sight as quickly as you please."

I saw he had me over a barrel, so, with a panting threat, I left him. A tent nearby was being run as a restaurant, and there I had a cup of coffee. Of the man who kept it, a fat, humorous cockney, I made inquiries regarding the girl. Yes, he knew her. She was living in yonder tent with Madam Winklestein.

I thanked him, gulped down my coffee, and made for the tent. The flap was down, but I rapped on the canvas, and presently the dark face of Madam appeared. When she saw me, it grew darker.

"What d'you want?" she demanded. "I want to see Berna," I said.

"Then you can't. Can't you hear her? Isn't that enough?"

Surely I could hear a very low, pitiful sound coming from the tent, something between a sob and a moan, like the wailing of an Indian woman over her dead, only infinitely subdued and anguished. I was shocked, awed, immeasurably grieved.

"Thank you," I said; "I'm sorry. I don't want to intrude on her in her hour of affliction. I'll come again."

"All right," she laughed tauntingly; "come again."

I had failed.

I slept at a bunkhouse that night, and next morning I again made a call at the tent within which lay Berna. Again Madam, in a gaudy wrapper, answered my call, but this time, to my surprise, she was quite pleasant.

"No," she said firmly, "you can't see the girl. She's all prostrated. We've given her a sleeping powder and she's asleep now. But she's mighty sick. We've sent for a doctor."

There was indeed nothing to be done. With a heavy heart I thanked her, expressed my regrets and went away. What had got into me, I wondered, that I was so distressed about the girl. I thought of her continually, with tenderness and longing. To me there was in her, beauty, charm, every ideal quality. Yet must my eyes have been anointed, for others passed her by without a second glance. Oh, I was young and foolish, maybe; but I had never before known a girl that appealed to me, and it was very, very sweet.

So I went back to the restaurant and gave the fat cockney a note which he promised to deliver into her own hands. I wrote:

"Dear Berna: I cannot tell you how deeply grieved I am over your grandfather's death, and how I sympathize with you in your sorrow. I came over from the other trail to see you, but you were too ill. Now I must go back at once. If I could only have said a word to comfort you!

"Oh, Berna, dear, go back, go back. This is no country for you. If I can help you, Berna, let me know. If you come on to Bennett, then I will see you.

"Believe me again, dear, my heart aches for you.

"Be brave.

"Always affectionately yours,

"ATHOL MELDRUM."

Then once more I struck out for Bennett.

* * * * * * *

Our last load was safely landed and the trail of the land was over. We had packed an outfit of four thousand pounds over a thirty-seven-mile trail and it had taken us nearly a month. For an average of fifteen hours a day we had worked for all that was in us; yet, looking back, it seems to have been more a matter of dogged persistence and patience than desperate endeavor and endurance.

Our party was well qualified to pass the test of the trail. The Prodigal was full of irrepressible enthusiasm, and always loaded to the muzzle with ideas. Salvation Jim was a mine of foresight and resource, while the Jam-wagon proved himself an insatiable glutton for work. Altogether we fared better than the average party.

We were camped on the narrow neck of water between Lindeman and Bennett, and as hay was two hundred and fifty dollars a ton, the first thing we did was butcher the ox. The next was to see about building a boat. We thought of whipsawing our own boards, but the timber near us was poor or thinned out, so that in the end we bought lumber, paying for it twenty cents a foot. We were all very in expert carpenters; however, by watching others, we managed to make a decent looking boat.

The ice was going fast. Strangers were still coming in over the trail with awful tales of its horrors. Bennett was all excitement and seething life. Thousands of ungainly boats, rafts and scows were waiting to be launched. Already craft were beginning to come through from Lindeman, rushing down the fierce torrent between the two lakes.

The ice was loose and broken. We were all ready to start in a few days. The mighty camp was in a ferment of excitement. Every one seemed elated beyond words. On,

Her Tears Were Salt Upon My Lips, Yet Her Own Lips Were Cold.

once more, to Eldorado! A great exultation welled up in me, the voice of youth and ambition, the lust to conquer. I would succeed, I would wrest from the vast, lonely, mysterious North some of its treasure.

Silent and abstracted, I looked into the brooding disk of sheeny sky, my eyes dream-troubled.

Then I felt a ghostly hand touch my arm, and with a great start of surprise, I turned.

"Berna!"

The girl was wearing a thin black shawl around her shoulders, but in the icy wind blowing from the lake she trembled like a wand. Her face was pale, waxen, almost spiritual in its expression, and she looked at me with just the most pitiably sweet smile in the world.

"I'm sorry I startled you; but I wanted to thank you for your letter and for your sympathy. You see, I'm all alone now." The voice faltered, but went on bravely. "I've got no one that cares about me any more, and I've been sick, so sick I wonder I lived. I knew you'd forgotten me, and I don't blame you. But I've never forgotten you, and I wanted to see you just once more."

She was speaking quite calmly and unemotionally.

"Berna!" I cried; "don't say that. your reproach hurts me so. Indeed I did try to find you, but it's such a vast camp. There are so many thousands of people here. Time and time again I inquired, but no one seemed to know. No, Berna, I didn't forget. Many and many's a night I've lain longing to see you again. What a little white whisp you are! You look as if a breeze would blow you away. You shouldn't be out this night, girl. Put my coat around you, come now."

I wrapped her in it and saw with gladness her shivering cease. In the opal light of the luminous sky her great gray eyes were lustrous.

"Berna," I said again, "why did you come in here, why? You should have gone back."

"Gone back," she repeated, "indeed I would have, oh, so gladly. But you don't understand—they wouldn't let me. After they got all his money—and they did get it, though they swear he had nothing—they made me come on with them. They said I owed them for his burial, and for the care and attention they gave me when I was sick. They said I must come on with them and work for them. I protested, I struggled. But what's the use? I can't do anything against them any more. I'm weak and I'm terribly afraid of her."

She shuddered, then a look of fear came into her eyes. I put my hand on her arm and drew her close to me.

"This is terrible, Berna. What have you been doing all the time?"

"Oh, I've been working, working for them. They've been running a little restaurant and I've waited on table. But we're going down the lake tomorrow, so I thought I would just slip away and say good-by."

Her tone was measured, her eyes closed almost.

"Yes, I'm afraid I must say it. When we get down there, it's good-by, good-by. The less you have to do with me, the better."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean this. These people are not decent. They're vile. I must go with them; I cannot get away. Go your way and leave me to whatever fate is in store for me."

"Never!" I said harshly. "What do you take me for, Berna?"

"My friend . . . you know, after his death, when I was so sick, I wanted to die. Then I got your letter, and I felt I must see you again for—I thought a lot of you. No man's ever been so kind to me as you have. They've all been—the other sort. I used to think of you a good deal, and I wanted to do some little thing to show you I was really grateful.

"Oh, come, Berna, never mind that."

"Yes, I mean it. I just wanted to tell you the things a poor girl thought of you. We've neither of us got to think of each other any more . . . and I just wanted to give you this—to remind you sometimes of Berna."

It was a locket and contained a lock of her silken hair.

"It's worth nothing, I know, but just keep it for me."

"Indeed I will, Berna, keep it always, and wear it for you. But I can't let you go like this. See here, girl, is there nothing I can do? Berna, Berna, look at me, listen to me! Is there? What can I do? Tell me, tell me, my girl."

She seemed to sway to me gently. Indeed I did not intend it, but somehow she was in my arms. She felt so slight and frail a thing, I feared to hurt her.

Then I felt her bosom heaving, and I knew she was crying. For a little I let her cry, but presently I lifted up the white face that lay on my shoulder. It was wet with tears. Again and again I kissed her. She lay passively in my arms. Never did she try to escape nor hide her face, but seemed to give herself up to me. Her tears were salt upon my lips, yet her own lips were cold, and she did not answer to my kisses.

At last she spoke. Her voice was like a little sigh.

"Oh, if it could only be."

"What, Berna? Tell me what?"

"If you could only take me away from them, protect me, care for me. Oh, if you could only marry me, make me your wife. I would be the best wife in the world to you; I would work my fingers to the bone for you; and walk the world barefoot for your sake. Oh, my dear, my dear, pity me!"

It seemed as if a sudden light had flashed upon my brain, stunning me, bewildering me. I thought of the princess of my dreams. I thought of Garry and mother. Could I take her to them?

"Berna," I said sternly, "look at me."

She obeyed.

"Berna, tell me, by all you regard as pure and holy, do you love me?"

She was silent and averted her eyes.

"No, Berna," I said, "you don't; you're afraid. It's not the sort of love you've dreamed of. It's not your ideal. It would be gratitude and affection, love of a kind, but never that great dazzling light, that passion that would raise to heaven or drag to hell."

"How do I know? Perhaps that would come in time. I care a great deal for you. I think of you always. I would be a true, devoted wife—"

"Yes, I know, Berna; but you don't love me; see, dear. Listen, Berna! Here's where our difference in race comes in. You would rush blindly into this. You would not consider, test and prove yourself. It's the most serious matter in life to me, something to be looked at from every side, to be weighed and balanced."

As I said this, my conscience was whispering fiercely: "Oh, fool! Coward! Paltering, despicable coward! This girl throws herself on you, on your honor, chivalry, manhood, and you screen yourself behind a barrier of convention."

However, I went on:

"You might come to love me in time, but we must wait a while, little girl. Surely that is reasonable? I care a great, great deal, but I don't know if I love you in the great way people should love. Can't we wait a little, Berna? I'll look after you, dear; won't that do?"

She disengaged herself from me, sighing woefully.

"Yes, I suppose that'll do. Oh, I'll never forgive myself for saying that to you. I shouldn't, but I was so desperate. You don't know what it meant to me. Please forget it, won't you?"

"No, Berna, I'll never forget it, and I'll always bless you for having said it. Believe me, dear, it will all come right. I'll watch no one harms you, and love will come to both of us in good time, that love that means life and death, hate and adoration, rapture and pain, the greatest thing in the world. Oh, my dear, my dear, trust me! Let us wait a little longer, just a little longer."

"Yes, that's right, a little longer."

Her voice was faint and toneless.

"Now, good-night; they may have missed me."

Almost before I could realize it she had disappeared amid the tents, leaving me there in the gloom with my heart full of doubt, self-reproach and pain.

Oh, despicable, paltering coward!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Fad for Small Books

A collecting passion which increases its devotees daily in England, is the seeking out of miniature books. It has been discovered that all sorts of books have been reproduced in miniature through the years, and not merely the classics, the Bible and dictionaries. From the earliest days printers have been turning out these miniatures, and the oldest are now bringing the fanciest prices.

Daily Thought

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people; why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others?—L. M. Child.

Love's Great Power

If there is anything which keeps the mind open to angel visits, and repels the ministry of ill, it is human love.—N. P. Willis.

Hector's Really Bright Solution Didn't Solve

Hector had never done a stroke of work in his life. As his private means were not very large, Grace was considerably surprised when he invited her to marry him.

"How in the world are we going to live?" she asked.

The question did not trouble Hector.

"Oh, with your people!" he said, in a bored voice.

But Grace shook her head.

"I'm afraid that idea is no good," she replied without more ado.

The monocle dropped with a tinkle out of Hector's eye, and a disconcerted look came over his face.

"Why not?" he demanded.

Grace smiled sadly.

"Because my people are still living with their people," she explained.—London Answers.

Diamond Cut Diamond

"You have to meet whisper with whisper."

McCabe G. Winslow, the Denver prohibition leader, was defending whispering campaigns.

"It's like the case of the crook," he went on. "A crook, you know, consulted a lawyer, told him what he'd done, and promised him $2,000 for an acquittal. The lawyer said:

"'You've committed a crime, no doubt about that. I can get you off, though. Get some witnesses, and I'll get you off.'

"The crook got some witnesses, and the lawyer got him off.

"'And now,' he said—'now that I've won your case for you, how about the $2,000?'

"'That's all right,' said the crook, 'Get some witnesses.'"

Miniature Cow

What is supposed to be the world's smallest cow, Daisy, was recently on exhibition at the Rand show, South Africa. The little mite, who was born from ordinary parents in far-away Buenos Aires (South America), is 5½ years old, stands only a few inches high, and weighs in the vicinity of about 40 pounds. She is absolutely perfect in every detail, she is insured with Lloyds for $25,000, and her carcass will be presented to the British museum after death.

Softens Water—and More!

An efficient water softener—20 Mule Team Borax is also a cleanser, a deodorant, a mild antiseptic and an aid to soap. It is perfectly safe for the finest fabrics and always protects the hands.—Adv.

Enforced Idleness

"What would you do if you had to work only five days a week?"

"I dunno," answered Farmer Corntossel. "I never had any talent for golf, and I guess on Saturdays and Sundays I'd just feel kind o' lonesome."—Washington Star.

That's All

Mistress (engaging maid)—And have you any religious views?

Maid—No, ma'am, only a couple of postcards of Southend.—London Opinion.

Better Retreat

She—Why, your heart sounds like a drum beating!

He—Yes, er, that's the call to arms.—Boston Transcript.

A Happy Meeting

"Pardon me, but we have certainly met before." "Heavens! How much do I owe you?"

Coast to Coast good Grocers sell and recommend Russ Ball Blue. Better value than any other.—Adv.

The greatest of all pleasures is to give pleasure to one we love.—Boufflers.

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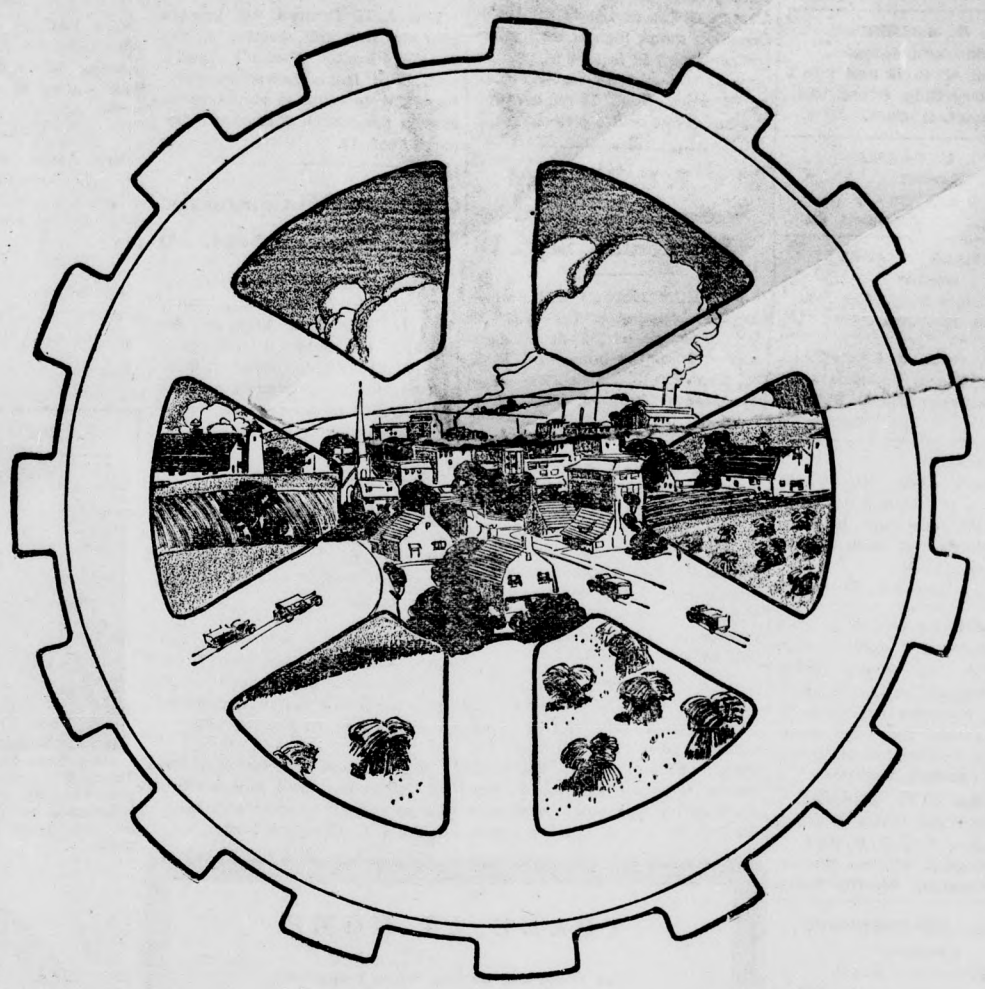

The New Coöperation

It has been said that the secret of our Nation's success in the crisis of 1917 was the efficient mobilization of man power and resources—Army, Navy, Red Cross, Industry—every available energy, working in unison.

Community competition demands a similar strategy.

It demands the mobilization of every enterprise. The mobilization of every force which has an objective of its— —business, industrial, religious, educational, social, fraternal and individual citizenship.

HOW rich as nati... Morning ... Cordoza ...

With singleness of purpose, the efforts of these units must be directed into one great channel—*that of linking town and country into the* **Greater Community.**

This Is the New Cooperation

The interests, ambitions, pleasures, prosperity and everyday requirements of the area which is right at our borders, run in a parallel line with ours. Merged, we become *a unit of double strength, double power*—The Greater Community!

Few towns put forth the necessary effort to cover the business, industrial, religious, educational, social and fraternal requirements of this greater community area—although this way lie greatest possibilities!

It is the extra effort of developing the Greater Community that spells success.

A Town Is a Service Center

The Six Essential Services are:

1. **Employment**
2. **Merchandising and Marketing**
3. **Transportation and Communication**
4. **Social and Recreational**
5. **Educational**
6. **Religious**

Figures prove that the number of those who go *out of town to do business* is small compared to those who should—but do not—come *into town to do business.*

Hence, **the new cooperation** is the answer to the challenge—"Fortune awaits one Community in ten."

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Phone San Jose 2447

BOHNETT, HILL & CAMPBELL
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First National Bank
San Jose California

Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif. Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Robt. Scholz, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
Lester Brackett, Noble Grand
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secty.

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WANTED—To hear from Carpenter who will give half cash and half work for winter rent. Write P. O. Box 113.

REGISTER FOR HIGH SCHOOL FRI. OR SAT.

According to a recent report from D. H. Cramer, principal of the Campbell union high school, registration for study in that institution may and should be made Friday or Saturday, Sept. 13-14, between the hours of 9 and 4 o'clock.

W. C. T. U. Will Hold Season's First Meeting Wednesday, Sept. 18

Mrs. Effie Hubbell will preside the first meeting of the W.C.T.U. for the season of 1929-30 which is to be held at the home of Mrs. R. W. Kennedy, 131 North First street Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 18.

James Knappen, who had been doing post graduate work at Stanford this summer left Friday for Marysville where he is a member of the junior college faculty. J. J. Collins of Los Angeles, who had visited here a few days, and who will also teach at Marysville, left at thes ame time, both making the trip by auto.

—c—

Elwood Swane is two weeks out on a three months' cruise of the Oriental ports. He will visit Japanese, Chinese and Philippine points out-bound, stopping at Honolulu on his way home. A wonderful trip for one of our sea scouts.

Congregational Guild Meets Thursday, Mrs. Bennett In Charge

Mrs. J. H. Bennett will preside over the first fall meeting of the Congregational Women's guild, with Miss Jessie Lewis as secretary. The meeting is slated to be held in the church Thursday afternoon, Sept. 12.

Chamber Of Commerce Meets Monday, Sept. 16

Regular meeting of the Campbell Chamber of Commerce, which was to have been held Monday evening, September 9, was postponed until Monday evening, Sept. 16, because the former date was a holiday. All members of the chamber are urged to be present.

H. C. McVea and son Norman and L. M. Beall went to their old fishing pool off Point Lobos over the week-end and snaked in over 200 pounds of fine blue bass. Doc says they caught two at a haul some of the time.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Hedegard and Mrs. Esther Peterson left Friday for Sacramento to spend a few days at the fair and to visit friends and relatives in the vicinity.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. Warren McKenzie of Richmond and Mrs. Kathryn Stoors and son were recent visitors at the J. H. Campbell home.

Mr. and Mrs. Merlin Bohnett and Mrs. Hattie Baugh spent the week-end holiday in Sacramento, visiting relatives and attending the state fair.

—c—

Miss Kathryn Pugh and Miss Alice Dahms left Friday for Crows Landing where they will resume their duties as teachers in the school.

—c—

Mrs. Anders Larson, who has been visiting with her mother, Mrs. A. J. Farley this summer, left last week for her home in Wastington, D. C.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. Oluf Strom and daughter have returned from their vacation at Capitola.

Another Record

Miss Vera Stone, 18, of Ripley, Tenn., hiccoughed for 59 days despite remedies tried by doctors. It is believed her record will stand as no one seems eager to beat her mark.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hyde and son, Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Husted of Modesto and Mrs. H. N. Shadle spent the week-end at Santa Cruz and Twin Lakes.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Stocker,, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Crittenden of Los Gatos spent Friday and Saturday at the state fair.

—c—

Mrs. E. W. Ohlen and her mother, Mrs. A. Jackson, have returned from an extended trip through southern California.

(Continued from Page 3)

Kliegl. Put a diffuser on that Winfield. What's the matter with the second spot? Your carbons are flickering. Mike! Mike! Trim those carbons on the second spot! Pull 'em!"

(Continued Next Week)

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Alexander were ill Saturday from fruit poisoning. Mrs. Winifred Robertson of Los Gatos came over to stay with them for a time.

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Half Soled	1.15	Half Soled	.90
Rubber Heels	.40	Rubber Heels	.35
		Leather Heels	.30

Boy's Shoes		Small Children's Shoes	
Half Soled and Rubber Heels	$1 and up	Half Soles and Heels, 75c up	

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SERVICE GARAGE PHONE 66

Twenty Thousand
Forty Thousand
Sixty Thousand

work my [illegible]
ou; and walk [illegible]
r your sake. Oh, my
pity me!"

[illegible] light
the [illegible]
insures smooth running at 50, so the surplus of mileage in the DUAL-Balloon gives incomparable assurance of trouble-free, uninterrupted running. Whether you keep your car a year, or two or more, in all probability you will never have a moment's delay chargeable to rubber.

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FIVE MINUTES LATER
GOIN' TO SPANK ME, MOM?
NO - BUT I'M GOIN' TO SCOLD YOU SEVERELY!
I DIDN'T NEED THIS BOOK, AFTER ALL! GEE, I THOUGHT I WAS GOIN' TO GET IT THAT TIME!
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